Mike and Melissa Episdoe 28: Mike Shuts Up and Listens For A Change

By

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SCENE 1- EXT. LOWER HURON METROPARK, 3/16/2012, 2PM

DAD and I are riding bikes in Lower Huron Metropark, with MEL tagging along behind on her super cool scooter, like Pee-Wee's! Complete with the eyeball helmet of course. The weather is unusually warm for March.

MIKE
As glad as I am that it's finally warm again, this is a little weird, isn't it? I mean, it's mid-March, and it's almost 80! Not to mention that tornado that hit Dexter earlier this week...

DAD
Yeah, crazy stuff, right? Guess the world's really coming to an end. Then again it'll probably be snowing in a few days...

MIKE
We are in Michigan after all...

DAD
Mika's been kind of acting weird lately. Might have something to do with the weather, I dunno. She's been really aggressive towards other dogs-

MIKE
She always is. She's a brat.

DAD
Well... moreso than usual. But the last time we went for a walk I had to go and hide her under a bridge so that she wouldn't attack this group of terriers that their owner was letting run around without any leashes. So I had a few choice words for her for not obeying state leash laws, to which she just responded "oh, is that a Shiba Inu?"

He notices that I'm trailing off.

DAD
So that's when I set myself on fire and jumped over the La Brea tarpits with my motorcycle.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE
...What?

DAD
I knew it! You weren’t listening!

MIKE
I’m sorry, I’m just not interested in hearing about your brat dog.

DAD
Well come on! You always zone out whenever I talk to you about anything. I can’t talk to your mother about this stuff, who else am I supposed to talk to?

He speeds out ahead as I say nothing. MEL catches up.

MIKE
Was that story as boring as I thought it was, or do you think I have a listening problem?

MELISSA
Hey man, even if you find it boring, it wouldn’t kill you to just listen. That’s all he wanted.

MIKE
I guess. You’ve never had any problems with me not listening to you though, right?

MELISSA
Shoot no, because I’m cool as hell! I once built an entire brick out of bricks. How’d I do that you ask? Well, it’s a funny story. See, I had all these little bricks lying around and I thought to myself, "what if instead of a bunch of little bricks I had one big one instead"? Oh by the way you should probably turn up here.

MIKE
...What?

MELISSA
TURN!!!

I totally am not paying attention and I take a spill off my bike. I get up all huffy (heh bike pun)

MELISSA
Hey, chill out. At least you got your first fall of the year out of the way. But whatever you do, don’t kick that log.

I kick the log anyways, and I fuck up my foot in the process.

MELISSA
SEE? It wouldn’t have killed you to listen, but it might to NOT listen! Or it might hurt your foot. And it did!

MIKE
THANK YOU SO MUCH, MELISSA!!! YOU SHOULD WRITE A BOOK ON THE CAUSE AND EFFECTS OF NOT LISTENING TO PEOPLE AND HOW IT CAN LEAD TO FOOT INJURIES!!!

MELISSA
GOOD IDEA!!! I JUST DID! HERE, HAVE A COPY!

She summons a necronomicon-like book called "Listening for Non-Listening Dumb Faces and the Interrelated Threat of Foot Injury" by Melissa Mouffette and chucks it at me.

MIKE
THANKS, I’LL START READING IT TONIGHT!!!

MELISSA
COOL!!! YOU PROBABLY WON’T LISTEN TO IT THOUGH!!!

MIKE
BOOKS DON’T TALK!!!

BOOK
WHAT, D’YOU THINK I’M STUPID???

MIKE
...Well... this one does.

INTRO SEQUENCE!?!??!?!?!

SCENE 2- INT. SIDETRACKS BAR, 3/17/2012, 9PM

I’m limping into Sidetracks, foot still messed up. MEL’s following behind. She pinches me.

MIKE
Hey! What was that for?

MELISSA
You’re not wearing green, silly!

MIKE
Well neither are you-

I move to pinch her, but she changes her fur color to green.

MIKE
Man, I love/hate that you can do that.

MELISSA
And I love/love you!

Lick!

MIKE
Alright, I love/love you too.

Return lick.

MIKE
Huh. I was kinda expecting you to taste different.

MELISSA
Nah, I’m like green beer. I still taste the same, I just look cool. Speaking of, have fun tonight and get home safe, alright?

MIKE
You got it honey.

Smooch. She poofs away. I continue walking around, and I notice PHIL, JOE, LEE, CONOR, and MICHAEL at a table in the back making a bunch of noise. PHIL waves me over and I hobble to the table.

MIKE
Hey everyone.

LEE
What happened to your foot?

MIKE
Well, lemme tell you all about it-

PHIL
Actually I was just telling a story of my own.

I give a momentary look of "how dare you interrupt me", but then let it pass and pull up a chair.

PHIL
So, as I was saying. Well, let me backup cause Mike didn’t hear the beginning. I went to visit my grandma in Jersey with the kids and my ma. Travis, his step ma, and my ma’s sister, Janet was there. I think Kara, Travis’s ex came too. Oh, and Olympia, Travis’s sister. Ready? So we arrive and are greeted by the residents of the old folk’s home...

The restaurant dissolves away and the New Jersey Old Folks home appears. It is a long three-story tall building with a lovely walking area for the residents. It’s rather plain other than that.

SCENE 3- EXT. OLD FOLK’S HOME-NIGHT-3/10/12 12:30AM

PHIL, ATHENA, SCOTT, JOAN, and BRYANA are waiting outside the Old Folk’s home. They are tired from the 12-hour car ride and PHIL pushes the buzzer again to make sure it isn’t broken.

ATHENA
Why are we locked outside.

JOAN
We’re not locked out, honey, they’re locked in.

ATHENA
What...

With that a deafening ringing emerges from the door and it slowly swings open. PHIL grabs the door to make it open faster but it is weighted and automated. They wait the 5 minutes for it to open then we walk up to the front desk.

SCENE 4- INT. OLD FOLK'S HOME-NIGHT-3/10/12 12:38AM

JOAN
We are hear to visit Mary Alfonso.

DESK WORKER
Ok. Let me call her down. Here's the key to your room. Have a nice stay.

The elevator adjacent to the front desk opens and MARY is there with a friend, HELEN, the Queen Bee of the Old Folk's Home. They smile at us and stroll over. Everyone says hi and hugs one another then the duo takes our group to the nearby lounge.

HELEN
Oooh, so you're Mary's grandkids, huh! Here, you look hungry. Take this.

HELEN shoots us a creepy crocodile-like smile and begins to shove hot cocoa packets, spoons, loose nuts, and sugar packets into BRYANA's pockets. BRYANA tries to pull away but can't and shoots PHIL a look of desperation. She is surprised by how forceful and strong HELEN is.

BRYANA
Erm...thanks. That's more than enough.

PHL
Oh, yes. Thanks Helen. We should really get to our room. Gotta bring the luggage in...

HELEN
Oh, but let's give the tour! Whadya say Mary? Up for it? Sure you are.

HELEN drags GRANDMA MARY around the room while Phil, ATHENA, SCOTT, and BRYANA stand around pretending to be interested.

HELEN
Here's the TV where we have a movie night, EVERY NIGHT! I really like John Wayne.

HELEN flashes her crocodile smile once again. MARY is limply following her around. She is exhausted. PHIL notices this.

(CONTINUED)

PHIL
Hey Grandma, let’s see your room. We haven’t gotten your tour, yet.

GRANDMA MARY
Oh, yes. My room.

GRANDMA MARY stares blankly at PHIL.

PHIL
Alright, then. Let’s get you up there. Helen, it was...*mumbles*...meeting you.

ATHENA
Thank you for the snacks?

SCOTT
Poop, I haven’t said anything, yet!

The group migrates towards the elevator and everyone hops in. HELEN elbows her way to the BUTTON PANEL.

HELEN
Let’s take a detour to MY room. I must show you my dollhouses.

Everyone screams silently but obliges, except for MOM.

JOAN
Actually, I’m tired. I think I’ll got to bed. Here, Phil take the second key. You kids have fun.

JOAN’s children shoot her a look of annoyance and disbelief. She shrugs this away, leers and mouths,

JOAN
(mouthing)
I birthed you.

She then smiles and gets off on the second floor. Everyone else rides up to the third, to HELEN’s LAIR.

SCENE 5- INT. OLD FOLK’S HALLWAY -NIGHT-3/10/12 1:07AM

HELEN leads everyone in while MARY stays in the elevator. The door shut and she screams.

MARY
Help! I’m stuck in the elevator. I won’t go back to the basement. I just won’t!

BRYANA rushes to the elevator and opens it for MARY.

MARY
Oh, thank you! Bryana? When did you get here?

BRYANA
Hi, grandma, we've been...just now. How are you.

MARY
Oh, I'm fine...I was just taking the elevator to my room...

HELEN
No, time for this! We've got a schedule to keep!

HELEN grabs MARY and BRY's hands and leads them to her room.

SCENE 6- INT. HELEN'S LAIR- NIGHT- 3/10/12 1:10AM

The group enters HELEN's room. It wreaks of urine and dollhouses cover every inch of the place. An ominous red light emits from, somewhere. ATHENA and SCOTT hold their nose. HELEN leads the group to the bathroom.

HELEN
(boasting)
My toilet has a lid. Mary's doesn't. In fact, I'm the only one who gets to have one. Isn't it grand? Isn't it?!?

She grabs SCOTT's cheeks and smiles at him.

SCOTT
(whining)
Mmmmmm. Yes? Yes.

PHIL ruffles through his pockets and pulls out a semi-automatic.

PHIL
Enough of this!

He shoots HELEN down and every one cheers!

ATHENA
Can I have the eyeball?

SCOTT
Can I have the toes?

BRYANA
Leave the face for me! I gotta get me some AARP discounts!

MARY
I’ll have the colon! I could sure use a new one!

PHIL
I’ll have the Mike... Mike... Mike... Mike... Mike...

Everyones faces begin to bloat and distort and the scene POPS away.

SCENE 7- INT. SIDETRACKS BAR, 3/17/2012, 9PM

PHIL waves his hand in front of MIKE’s face who is zoned out.

PHIL
MIKE!!!

MIKE comes back.

MIKE
What did someone say morgue?

PHIL
No...

MICHAEL
Morgue.

PHIL
Ugh...

MIKE slaps PHIL’s arm.

PHIL
Thanks. Now smack me harder, and say I’ve been bad.

MIKE
EW NO!

PHIL
But really. You weren’t listening. Anywho, I’ll keep this, short I
(MORE)

PHIL (cont'd)
guess. Point is, she was a weird lady and my grandma is losing her mind. I also got to have an incestual gay three-some with Travis and tried heroin. All in all it was a great trip.

MIKE
...Wait... why aren't you telling THAT story?

PHIL
Oh, another time. Tell us about your foot.

MIKE
Well-

MICHAEL
So I had something interesting happen to me the other day while I was out driving.

I give MICHAEL the same look I gave Phil.

CONOR
What was that?

MICHAEL
I almost got hit by a wheel.

JOE gives a very confused look.

JOE
...What?

MICHAEL
I almost got hit by a wheel.

PHIL
Like from a car?

MICHAEL
Yep.

Long pause.

MICHAEL
Anyway, what happened to your foot Mike?

I look relieved.

MIKE
Well-

CONOR
Actually I have a story to tell!

MIKE
Oh come on!!!

COMMERCIAL BREAK!!!

CONOR
So yeah I don’t know how a near-death experience with a tire or a bunch of crazy retirees reminded me of this-

PHIL
Don’t forget the gay incestual threesome.

CONOR
Well that goes without saying! But do you guys remember that one time you all came with me to New York City to see my play on Broadway?

LEE
No?

JOE
That didn’t happen.

CONOR
Yes it did! You were all there.

JOE
That did not happen.

CONOR
Why you gotta do me like that, man?

JOE
Why do you gotta make up stories? don’t you remember an actual-

CONOR
It was without a doubt the most important day of my life.

The bar fades into:

SCENE 8- EXT. OUT FRONT OF A BROADWAY THEATER, ???, 9PM

The gang are standing around in formal attire while CONOR is being interviewed by a gang of sexy theatre critics.

CONOR
So then I said, well, Mr. Albee, it seem’s YOU’RE afraid of ME!

CONOR and the critics laugh at his joke.

CRITIC 1
Oh Mr. McShane, you truly are this generation’s great humorist.

CRITIC 2
Your work exposes Shakespeare for the frilly-necked hack that he was.

CRITIC 3
I haven’t seen a show this good in my life, and I’ve seen *Cats*!

All the others glare at her.

CRITIC 1
What are you doing after the show? Maybe we can all share a bubble bath.

All the critics giggle.

CONOR
Ladies, ladies, please, there’s plenty of me to go around.

The critics all leave, giggling. CONOR turns to the others.

CONOR
It’s so great you could all come bear witness to my incredible success. I hope that private jet I sent for you was comfortable?

PHIL
Okay, now I *know* this never happened.

MICHAEL
Yeah, I hate formal wear.

MIKE
And there’s no such thing as sexy theatre critics!

CONOR
Sure there are. Have you met them all?

MIKE
No, but... just, no.

CONOR
That’s an unfair generalization, you know. I’m sure there are plenty of attractive theatre critics out there.

MIKE
Everyone knows critics are terrifying little troll people by nature.

JOE
See? I knew this never happened.

LEE
Boo! Think of a real story!

CONOR
Okay, you guys are clearly suffering from collective amnesia.

ALL
Booooo!

CONOR
Alright, alright fine.

The theater dissovles back into:

SCENE 7 AGAIN

CONOR
You know, you really should just indulge someone with such a fragile ego.

CONOR sadly sips his beer. There is a pause.

LEE
Booooo!

MIKE
So about my foot-

CONOR
Alright, fine! One of YOU tell a story!

LEE
I thought you'd never ask!

I throw up my hands in indignation.

JOE
Oh god... this is going to be one of your horrible "Lee stories" again, isn't it?

LEE
Yes.

JOE throws his hands up in indignation.

LEE
So this one time... I went to the store to go buy some cabbage.

SCENE 9- INT. SUPERMARKET OF FANTASIA, ???, 3PM

LEE, in his ridiculously buff elf form, is in the grocery store searching for some cabbage. All this drawing is like way better than you by the way, and it's also got dragons and all sorts of mythical beasts flying/running around all over the place.

JOE
Fascinating. Why were you looking for cabbage pray tell?

LEE
Because I was cooking something.

PHIL
What were you cooking?

LEE
Uh... I don't remember.

JOE
UGH!!!

LEE
Anyways, there was only one cabbage left, and some lady already had her hands on it.

A lady is holding some cabbage while LEE looks on in shock.

JOE
Yeah? So did you fight her for the cabbage? Did something ACTUALLY HAPPEN IN THIS STORY???

LEE
I said, "hey lady, are you gonna use that cabbage?" And she said "yes". I said, "can I have some of that cabbage?" She said, "no." Then she left.

JOE
Uh-huh... and then what?

The scene dissolves to...

SCENE 7 AGAIN... AGAIN

LEE
She left with the cabbage.

JOE
UGH!!! DAMN IT LEE YOU'RE THE WORST!!! THE ABSOLUTE WORST!!!

LEE
Wait there's more!... I had to make something else to eat that night.

PHIL
What'd you make instead?

LEE
Uh... I don't remember.

JOE
DAMN YOU LEE!!!

MIKE
So about my foot-

JOE
NO!!! I am so full of outrage and indignation that I cannot sit back
(MORE)

JOE (cont'd)
and allow that travesty to go by without voicing my infinite displeasure! You, sir, have insulted the art of storytelling, and before another word is spokenI must repair it! Prepare yourself for JOE'S STORY!!!

He stands all dramatically on top of the table. A waitress walks by.

WAITRESS
Sir... can you please try to keep it down?

JOE
Oh... sorry...

He gets down.

JOE
So this story is way back when from my time at Western. Mike, you might remember this story...

MIKE
You know what nobody seems to remember? ME OR MY FOOT-

JOE
SO, this was after one of the shows I was in. And I don't know if you all know this, but the Western theater department is notorious for extreme, debauched partying.

MIKE
Well of course. It is "Wastern" we're talking about after all.

JOE
Right. Well...

SCENE 10- INT. HOUSE PARTY, 1/16/2010, 11PM

It's another one of those awful college house parties that we keep seeming to find ourselves at. JOE's there, pretending to sip out of a red party cup that's really empty and trying not to interact with anyone. Oh yeah this is also envisioned like a James Dean movie so everyone's got a leather jacket and is a terribly misunderstood youth.

JOE (V.O.)
THIS particular party was one that I really had absolutely no interest in going to, but one of my female friends dragged me to it.

PHIL
"Female friend" huh? Was this someone you were bangin’ at the time?

JOE
Maybe.

PHIL
So yes?

JOE
So MAYBE. Anyways, of course she got wasted ten minutes after we got there...

SOME GIRL walks by, holding a handle of vodka. She’s clearly wasted.

SOME GIRL
Okay... so I’m gonna... go upstff... lie dwn? K? K...

She goes up the stairs. JOE tries to stop her but she just keeps goin’.

JOE (V.O.)
So I was already pissed off because I didn’t wanna be there and because now I had to babysit this person, and then THIS GUY shows up...

THIS GUY, a douchey college douche, eyes her as she goes up the stairs.

THIS GUY
Dude... you gonna hit that?

JOE just looks at him.

JOE
No. I’m too busy being a misunderstood youth...

THIS GUY
...What?

JOE
Er... She’s very drunk.

THIS GUY
Yeah? So?

JOE
...Not my thing.

THIS GUY
What, you gay or somethin’?

JOE
No, I just think that’s wrong.
Okay?

THIS GUY
Whatever, man... Well... do you
mind if I hit that then?

JOE looks at him in rage, disgust, and disbelief.

THIS GUY
Okay... I’m gonna go hit that.

He starts to go up the stairs, and JOE grabs him.

JOE
No you’re not.

THIS GUY
Dude... you cockblockin’?

JOE
I’m not going to let you date rape
an inebriated woman, no.

THIS GUY
So, what? You think you’re some
hero or somethin’? You wanna fight?
Come on, then, brah!

THIS GUY does that thing where he gets all up in JOE’s face and tries pushing him, but then JOE responds by punching him really hard in the stomach. THIS GUY grabs his stomach in pain, followed by the sound of a bowel movement.

THIS GUY
OH NO!!!!!!

THIS GUY shits his pants. Everyone laughs at him. He runs away in shame like the piece of crap he is. JOE walks out of the party.

SCENE 11- EXT. KALAMAZOO STREETS, 1/17/2010, 12:30AM

JOE’s walking down the grungy streets of KALAMAZOO in the wintertime. Oh so James Dean.

JOE
So after an hour and a half of trying to get a hold of someone to take her home, I finally get through. Sure enough, though, they don’t have room for ME in the car, so I’m stuck roaming the streets of Kalamazoo at 12:30 in the morning in January...

DNA GUY, a schizo homeless dude, passes by.

DNA GUY
FUCK THE DNA!

JOE
Lucky for me, I know someone in the area with a car...

I drive up in my PRIUS, then pull a U-ie in front of traffic when I see JOE’s on the other side of the road. JOE opens the car door.

MIKE
What the hell are you doing out here?

SCENE 7 AGAIN... FOR THE 3RD TIME!

PHIL
So then what happened?

JOE
The girl sleeped it off, and then Mike and I went to the video store and had a Nic Cage marathon.

ALL
NICHOLAS CAGE!!!

We all take a moment to revere the perfect specimen that is NICHOLAS CAGE.

MIKE
That was a great story. Too bad I’ve already heard it before! I was there!

JOE
Well, did you ever stop to consider that maybe other people wanted to hear it?

CONOR
Yeah, it’s always about you and your stories. Why can’t we have any time to shine for a change?

MICHAEL
And when we do say our stories, it’s like you’re not even listening to us.

PHIL
You know, we’re not just caricatures that show up in your life when it’s funny or convenient for you. We’re people. I wish you’d respect that sometimes.

LEE
I’m a dragon!

PHIL
But you know what? Go ahead. Tell us about your foot since you wanna so damn bad. We’re listening.

Everyone looks at me.

MIKE
Well...

MELISSA
WAIT! I have a story to tell.

Turns out MELISSA has taken the form of a deerhead and has been hangin’ out on the wall the whole time (BOO!) Yes I’m stealing your idea Phil. Forgive me.

MELISSA
(still in deerhead form)
This is a story about a guy named Mike-

MIKE
Melissa, please, can you change to your normal form? That deerhead is creepin’ me out.

MELISSA
What’s the matter? Don’t like Evil Dead?

She starts laughing maniacally, but stops when she notices how much it’s bugging me.

MELISSA
Fine, I always thought these things were tacky anyways.

She poofs down in front of me, now in her normal (albeit still green) form.

MELISSA
Anyways, this is the story of a guy named Mike. Now, Mike likes to make it out to seem like everyone thinks he’s this weirdo jerk creep, but in truth he’s a pretty decent likeable guy. The problem is, sometimes he gets a little too wrapped up in his own head. He’s got this really cool series about his life that he’s working on called Mike and Melissa, and I think it’s the bee’s knees, but for the most part it’s all about him-

MIKE
I give you your own little adventures too-

MELISSA
And sometimes about his imaginary purple-er-GREEN (but only for today) skunk-cat girlfriend named Melissa. But for all the people who come in his life, not all of them show up in his series, and most of them get almost no time to actually explore their lives and their stories. Realizing this, Mike wrote an episode where he sits back and let other people be the centers of attention for a change.

MIKE
I did?

MELISSA
Well, he was still there and he tried to make it about his foot,
(MORE)

MELISSA (cont'd)
but eventually he realized that sometimes even the best storytellers in the world need to listen to the voices OUTSIDE of their heads every once in a while.

MIKE
...Said the personification of a voice in my head.

MELISSA
Ironic, ain't it?

MIKE
...And when it became apparent to Mike that Melissa's message was sinking in, she was so overcome with joy that she kissed him right on the mouth.

MELISSA
Oh, have you heard this story before?

MIKE
Maybe once or twice.

Sure enough, she does kiss him right on the mouth!

MELISSA
Anyways, go ahead. I didn't mean to interrupt your story.

I look around and notice that THE GANG are all still waiting for me to tell my tale.

MIKE
Y'know what? It doesn't really matter that much...

PHIL
...But you were so eager to tell it before...

MIKE
Blah... it's not that big a deal. Pretty boring story actually. But Phil, why don't you tell us more about this gay incestual threesome?

PHL
Funny story that...

He starts telling his story, cutting into absurd kabuki-style poses to describe his acts of debauchery and what-have-yous. This time around, I’m actually fully engaged. MEL pats me on the back, knowing her lesson sunk in. A maniacal cackle becomes audible, and MEL looks up to the deerhead who she was hanging next to, now possessed by a deadite.

MELISSA
Hush up you. I’m trying to listen to this.

The deerhead stops.

OUTRO SEQUENCE!!!

The truth is... I’m always listening. So watch your fuckin’ mouth.